

BACHELOR GIRL CHAT

THE GREAT FEMININE BLUFF.

"In the name of all the immortals," exclaimed the Mere Man, as he opened the door of the Bachelor Girl's study and stood still on the threshold.

"What are you doing?"

The Bachelor Girl carefully wrapped a blue silk kimono around a Japanese rose jar and tucked them into the corner of her trunk.

"Packing," she replied calmly, as she stuck in a wad of tissue paper to hold the thing firmly, "throwing down the gantlet, surrendering to Fate, giving up my lachkey and my profession, and my—my little bluff, Mr. Porter. I'm going home to mother!"

And she swallowed a rising choke in her throat as she stooped over the congregate heap of frocks and hats and bric-a-brac in the middle of the floor.

The Mere Man rubbed his hand across his forehead in bewilderment and sank into the nearest chair.

"But," he protested weakly, "I thought you were determined to be independent and—"

"I was," interrupted the Bachelor Girl sabbily, with a little shake of her head. "But independence is such a disappointing thing."

"What?"

"It's all right," responded the Bachelor Girl, "if you've got an order for a picture, and your rent paid, and somebody to talk to, and an invitation to dinner, and a decent frock, and the price of a cab fare; but all by itself it's—"

"It's awfully inconvenient," she forced a pair of slippers into a corner of the trunk with a vicious little lunge. "It's perfectly lovely in story books and in theory, and—just at first, when you think it means a \$50 flat, and a series of rarebit suppers, and the admiration of the multitude, and a chance to come in when you please, and go out when you like, and work when you feel inclined—but it doesn't turn out that way."

"No," agreed the Mere Man sympathetically, "it usually turns out a back hall bedroom, with a gas stove and a 5-cent plate of hot, and a cat, and a pair of slippers, and a parrot. But you haven't come to that yet."

"And I'm not going to come to it," rejoined the Bachelor Girl vehemently. "I know when I've got enough—even of a lachkey," she said, and she held that small article up by a red string and regarded it reproachfully. "Of course," she added, tucking the key back in her pocket with a sigh, "there is something awfully alluring about being a Bachelor Girl."

"There might be," agreed the Mere Man, lighting a cigarette tentatively. "If there were such a thing."

"What do you mean, Mr. Porter?"

"I mean," explained the Mere Man calmly, "that the modern Bachelor Girl is just a beautiful bluff. She doesn't exist—except in the magazines and the imagination. She's as much of a myth as Santa Claus and Cupid and the logic man. No body can be a Bachelor."

"No," agreed the Bachelor Girl, finishing blowing a smoke ring defiantly, "who starts out with the direct intention of getting married."

"What?" The Bachelor Girl dropped the fur hat she was stuffing with tissue paper and sat up indignantly.

"And," continued the Mere Man, quite untroubled, "whether a woman goes to the domestic short story, or the roundabout way, whether she comes out of a bureau in a fluff, or lures you to her by a pretense at lifework and independence, whether she goes husband hunting in a drawing room, or a downtown office, or a studio, at pink tea, or bohemian suppers, or during business hours, it all amounts to the same thing. No matter how high her aim in life, it never soars beyond the star and the nursery; no matter what sort of wagon she hitched to her star, it always turns out a baby carriage."

"Do you mean to say," demanded the Bachelor Girl with real fire in her eye and a wave of a pink sash, "that all the unmarried women in this world are just—just left-overs, who couldn't get husbands and things?"

"I mean to say," replied the Mere Man, firmly, "that all the bachelor girls are either young things assuming a becoming pose, or old maids making the best of an unbecoming situation; and that there's no man living who wouldn't exchange a paperweight for a sewing machine, or an easel for a cradle, or a desk for a cook stove, or an armful of babies, or a lachkey for a nice broad pair of shoulders, if the right man offered them to her. If you don't believe me, take a lady college professor and notice how soon she will drop Greek and Hebrew for baby talk the minute she gets a chance; or a lady doctor, and observe how willingly she will stop rolling pills for the pimple on a patient's forehead. A woman has got to have something or somebody to coddle, and what she coddles is the greatest thing in the world to her, whether it's a man or a baby or a polliwog. She's got to have something to love and fuss over and worry about and wait on, whether she feeds it steak or milk or bird seed. If she can't get a husband or a baby, she'll buy a Teddy bear, or a lap dog, or a cat, and make her 'art' or her 'profession' buy while she washes its fur and ties a pink ribbon on it."

"Well," protested the Bachelor Girl, sitting in the middle of the debris-strewn floor and clasping her hands around one knee, "there's something so vague and distant and intangible about an art or a profession."

"You can't tie a pink ribbon round its neck," acknowledged the Mere Man, cynically.

"Nor put your arms around it," added the Bachelor Girl, "and tell it your secrets, and quarrel with it when you feel cross, and blame it when things go wrong, and take it with you when you're traveling abroad, and cuddle up to it when you're lonely."

"You could have done all those things to me," began the Mere Man.

"Don't, don't!" cried the Bachelor Girl, putting her hands over her eyes.

"I won't!" agreed the Mere Man, soothingly.

"Just because I'm down,"

"And just because I'm down," repeated the Mere Man, sorrowfully.

"You!" The Bachelor Girl took her hands from her eyes and stared at the Mere Man.

"Oh, it doesn't matter," he protested, weakly. "But I merely dropped in to tell you that another bank has gone up—and a few more will go with it."

"You blessed boy!" exclaimed the Bachelor Girl, crossing hastily to his side and laying her hand gently on his hair.

"You poor, poor—"

"Stop it!" cried the Mere Man. "I won't have it! I've got a headache, and you're musing my hair, and—"

"Sit down on that divan!" commanded the Bachelor Girl, reaching for a bottle of eau de cologne of the little dab of a handkerchief. "Now, she finished, tucking a pillow skillfully under his head, 'tell me all about it.'"

"I won't!" protested the Mere Man. "I want to talk about your troubles."

"My—troubles?" The Bachelor Girl looked scornful as she soaked the handkerchief and dabbed his forehead daintily. "I haven't got any."

"You had plenty of them," gumbled the

Mere Man, "before you began to coddle me, and—"

"You agreed the Bachelor Girl, "I had that lonely feeling. But it's gone," and she looked around the room as if in search of it.

"What was it like?" inquired the Mere Man.

"Oh," the Bachelor Girl soaked the handkerchief again, thoughtfully, "like a great black bogie, that came the minute the lights were out every night and sat on the floor of my bed and grinned at me; like a horrid dream, or the desert of Sahara, or starvation, or a bad conscience, or something that jumps at you in the dark. Did you ever run away from a thing like that, Porter, when you were a very little boy?"

"The Mere Man nodded understandingly. "And do you remember how fine you thought it just to see what the great, big man was like, and to be able to do anything you pleased, from picking up toads and spiders to killing worms? And how perfectly happy you got until it began to get dark, and you got hungry, and the toads began to croak at you, and the spiders to glare at you, and the worms—to—"

"Yes," urged the Mere Man, helpfully, "and did the worms do?"

"Oh, they didn't seem worth killing," finished the Bachelor Girl, with a weary gesture. "Well, that's what a girl feels when she finds herself all alone, and her enthusiasm has worn off her hopes and the edge is off her excitement, and she discovers how very big the world is, and how very little she is, and that struggling for success or a living all by your—"

"And that when you get on the other side," rejoined the Mere Man, "that's all you want, and it's no better than the place you left."

"And that 'getting there' in life is all right for a man," pursued the Bachelor Girl, "because he's got to 'get there,' but that's no better than 'staying there' for a girl."

"And that picking up a living is like picking up toads; it becomes disgusting as soon as it ceases to be a privilege and a man's duty, and it's no better than the place you left."

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CITIZENS WILL MEET.

Park View Affairs to Be Discussed on Friday.

A meeting of the Park View Citizens' Association will be held at the hall of the Whitney Avenue Christian Church, Park road, Friday evening next, at 7:30 o'clock.

Hon. C. S. Bundy, president of the Columbia Heights Citizens' Association, has accepted an invitation to address the association.

C. K. Berryman, cartoonist, will entertain with a "chalk talk."

WILL STUDY "SOLARITY."

Students to Take Up Science of Synthetic Philosophy.

An effort is being made to organize a class in this city for the study of synthetic philosophy, whereby every manifestation of matter in our solar system is given its proper valuation.

Its relation to the mind of man is, of course, the chief function of this study. The chief movers in the enterprise call it "solarity," the study of life in its relations to the external nature.

Instruction will be given chiefly by mail. Rapidly of advance in the study is said to be made by the student who is required to apply for membership in pledge himself to absolute secrecy in such instructions as may be sent him.

MISS CONNELLY EXPLAINS.

Talks at Session of Catholic Conversation Circle.

The Catholic Conversation Circle met on Thursday evening, at the home of the president, Mrs. Harry Coope, 206 Eleventh street northwest.

Miss Grace Connelly was director, and chose for her subject, "Lenten music," composed by Beethoven, Gounod, Rossini, and others, and read the poem "Stabat Mater," by Jacobus Benedectus, a Franciscan monk. She explained the origin and systems of the Tenetaria, The Seven Dolours, and the Gregorian Chant. A description of Fra Angelico's "Annunciation" followed, and the reading of Eleanor C. Connelly's poem, "The Legend of St. Joseph's Staff."

Miss Connelly requested each member to read a paragraph from "Maryland—The Land of Sanctuary," by Rev. W. T. Russell, after which a general discussion of the book followed, participated in by Miss Hayes, Miss Mildred Hewitt, Mrs. Coope, Mrs. A. K. Connelly, Miss Katherine Reed, Miss Mabel Knight, Miss Frances Carroll, Miss Grace Connelly, and Mrs. Bessie N. Alexander.

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PYTHIANS HOLD CONVENTION

Lively Week Among Knights in the Capital City.

Excursion Planned for Chesapeake Beach in July by Chancellor Commanders' Club.

At the regular convention of Harmony Lodge, No. 21, Knights of Pythias, Grand Vice Chancellor Albert Kahler, being deputized as grand chancellor for the occasion, installed Knight John Adams, Jr., as inner guard. He was assisted by Past Chancellor E. Lodge Hill, of Harmony Lodge, acting as grand prelate, and Past Chancellor S. M. Pearson, of Syracuse Lodge, No. 10, acting as grand master-at-arms. Under the head of "ood of the order," remarks were made by Grand Vice Chancellor Albert Kahler, Past Chancellor S. M. Pearson, and Knight S. A. Murdock, of Illinois.

The meeting of the Chancellor Commanders' Club was largely attended, and considerable business was transacted. Plans were laid for the holding of an entertainment in the month of April, and an excursion to Chesapeake Beach in July, the proceeds of these two enterprises to be devoted toward defraying the expenses of a jubilee in the fall.

On Friday last the grand chancellor and his associate Grand Lodge officers paid their fraternal spring visit to Syracuse Lodge, No. 10, the lodge of which Grand Vice Chancellor Albert Kahler is an energetic and honored member. All of the Grand Lodge officers were present, and a feature was the large number of the members of Syracuse Lodge.

Among the visitors present were Past Supreme Chancellor Edward Dunn, Grand Master of the Exchequer Crown, Grand Master-at-arms Willey, Grand Lecturer Haley, and Brothers Melick, Shellabarger, Sherwood, Rau, and Murdock.

This week the Grand Lodge officers will visit Webster Lodge, No. 7, on Tuesday evening, and on Thursday evening will visit the lodge of which the grand chancellor is a member, and the oldest lodge of the order.

Ascalon Temple, No. 31, Dramatic Order Knights of Khorassan, social feature of the Knights of Pythias, held a special meeting in the armory of Pythian Temple, Monday evening last, to consider an invitation from Ben Hadad Temple, No. 33, of Baltimore, to attend their spring ceremonial on March 3. The invitation was accepted. Friendship and fraternity are exemplified in their highest degree by these two temples, whose

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